



THE

Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 22 June 1960



LIFE IN THE LUNCH HOUR



Nothing
improves
the
spirit*
like Rose's lime juice

Through a Rose's coloured glass the world looks less upside-down than usual. And much, much Rosier. So, take the plunge next time: add a dash of Rose's and see what a difference it makes to your outlook.

* *Gin, vodka, rum, these three. Should you add Rose's to gin or vodka, iced, in the proportion of 1 to 2, you will find yourself with the new, fashionable Gimlet. Try lime in your lager; or just with water, for . . .*

the most refreshing drink in the world



THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXVI Number 3069

22 JUNE 1960

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SOMETIMES IT'S JUST FOR LAUGHS



This girl's slice of Life in the lunch hour consists of a snack under the dryer at Simon of Knightsbridge. There they guarantee you a hairdo in one hour and serve sandwiches and fruit to order. The newfangled helmet dries your hair without cooking your face. Whether it makes a girl look less of a sight is another matter. . . . Cover picture by LEWIS MORLEY

PERHAPS it's time to start labelling The Tatler's features "Funny," "Serious," "Factual" and so on to help the slower-witted find their way around. For example the Daily Mirror took *The Top Hat Scheme* (8 June) deadpan and threw up its hands in its well-known impersonation of horror. A gentleman in Canada thought that *The changing rungs of okay jobs* (16 March), a diversion about the social arrival of photographers, was meant as a careers article. He solemnly suggested that parents should always put aptitude first. To forestall any statistician who mistakes *Life in the lunch hour* (page 640 onwards) for a Gallup poll, Lewis Morley (who took the amusing photographs) asks for it to be made clear that he didn't actually do any scientific sampling. Still, it's perfectly obvious that a large proportion of the office-working population now rarely uses the lunch hour for lunching, and Morley has enjoyed himself finding out just what they get up to instead. . . .

An explanation had better be slipped in too about *Was Nash a square?* (page 653 onwards). For the literal-minded, this is *not* meant geometrically—or even topographically. It just happens that a lush new book is coming out about the famous Regency architect, and Hector Bolitho has taken the opportunity to discuss how the terrace man rates today. . . . And while we're about it, one final pitfall: there's a striking photograph by Gerti Deutsch (page 668) headlined *Daniel in the Abbey*. Nothing to do with reincarnation—just a performance of "The Play of Daniel" in Westminster Abbey. . . . Miss Deutsch, a devoted student of the theatre, also has some pictures illustrating how dramatic talent seems to run in families. It's called *Acting in the family* (page 656). . . .

This, of course, is a lively time on the social side. Muriel Bowen found herself at Eton and at Westminster School within a few days and her report of the people there appears along with pictures of *Historic schools, historic celebrations* (page 645). . . . Also in this issue are Alan Vines's photographs of children at the Richmond Horse Show (page 650). . . .

As the fashion pages are about *Essential Etceteras* this week (page 659 onwards), Counter Spy has taken a week off, but another piece of shopping espionage will appear as usual in the next issue. . . . A fine piece of motoring intelligence is contributed meanwhile by Gordon Wilkins, who examines the implications of the new 50 m.p.h. limits in *Is this the car of the future?* (page 675). . . .

Next week: The Flying Floriade. . . .

PS: Yes, Lord Kilbracken's recollections of *Suspense at a penny a word* (page 652) are serious.

SOCIAL

Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Tournament, until 2 July.

Royal Tournament, Earls Court, today until 9 July.

Ashford Valley Foxhounds Midsummer Ball, Calehill House, Little Chart, Kent, 24 June. Tickets: 35s. from Mrs. Riley, Calehill House.

Henley Royal Regatta, 29 June to 2 July.

Monte Carlo. Summer Sporting Club Opening Gala, 1 July.

The garden of The Owl House (home of the Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava) opened to the public by Mrs. John Profumo 3 July in aid of Horder Centres for Arthritides. Adults: 10s. Children: 5s. Other days except Tuesdays and Thursdays by appointment, from now until 30 September.

Cliveden Garden Party & Fete, 2.30, 30 July, in aid of Berkshire St. John Ambulance Brigade. Adults: 1s. Children: 6d. Cars: 2s. 6d.

SPORT & SHOWS

Cricket: Second Test Match, England v. South Africa, Lord's, 23-28 June. Gloucestershire v. South Africa, Bristol, 29 June-1 July.

Tennis: Wimbledon Championships. To 2 July.

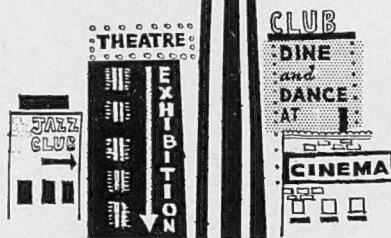
Yachting: Clyde Week (Hunter's Quay and Levan Point), 25 June-2 July.

Golf: Welsh Amateur Championship, Aberdovey, 25 June-2 July.

Polo: First rounds, Cowdray Park Gold Cup, Cowdray Park, nr. Midhurst, 26 June.

Greyhound racing: The Derby final, White City, 25 June.

GOING PLACES



Shows: Royal Counties, Salisbury, to 22 June; Royal Norfolk, Norwich, 29, 30 June.

MUSICAL

Royal Opera, Covent Garden. *Manon*, 7.30 p.m., 28 June, 1, 4, 6 July. (cov 1066.)

Royal Festival Hall: B.B.C. Light Music Festival, "Music For You," 7.30 p.m., 25 June, "British Light Music," 7.30 p.m., 2 July. Tom Lehrer, 8 p.m., 29 June.

Kenwood Lakeside Symphony Concert, Kenwood, Hampstead, 8 p.m. 25 June. Kenwood Chamber Music Concert, Kenwood House, 26 June.

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, Piccadilly. To 14 August.

Summer Exhibition 1960, Redfern Gallery, Cork St., W.1, to 1 September.

Essays in Movement (reliefs & mobiles), I.C.A. Gallery, Dover St., W.1, to 2 July.

Marcelle Cahn (paintings & drawings), Kaplan Gallery, Duke St., S.W.1, to 8 July.

International Sculpture Exhibition, Battersea Park, to September.

FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS
Aldeburgh Festival, to 26 June.

York Festival, to 3 July.

FIRST NIGHTS

Royalty Theatre, Kingsway. *The Visit*, 23 June.

Royal Albert Hall. Bolshoi Dancers, 27 June.

Royal Court Theatre. *Roots*, 28 June.

Lyric, Hammersmith. *Innocent as Hell*, 29 June.

Royal, Stratford, E. *Every Man In His Humour*, 29 June.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see p. 668.

The Caretaker. "... Mr. Harold Pinter ... has found a way of pleasing, as well as slightly dazing, an audience ... brilliantly directed and acted." Donald Pleasence, Peter Woodthorpe, Alan Bates (Duchess Theatre, TEM 8243.)

A Passage To India. "... genuine theatrical pleasure ... an exciting play ... the crucial scene is particularly successful." Norman Wooland, Dilys Hamlett, Zia Mohyeddin, Enid Lorimer. (Comedy Theatre, WHI 2578.)

Pieces Of Eight. "... lively dancing and some attractively individual clowning ... it is a revue that never bores." Kenneth Williams, Fenella Fielding. (Apollo Theatre, GER 2663.)

FILMS

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see p. 669.

L'il Abner. "... the most satirizin' ... laughterizin' and plumb re-vitalizin' chunk of musical. ... Do go see this gorgeous film." Peter Palmer, Leslie Parrish, Joe E. Marks, Billie Hayes. (Plaza, WHI 8944.)

Kidnapped. "... rousing version of the enthralling Robert Louis Stevenson story ... enormously exciting." Peter Finch, James MacArthur, John Laurie, Bernard Lee. (Studio One, GER 3300.)

The Chaplin Revue. "... three of the silent comedies that endeared him to us when the world was young." Charles Chaplin, Edna Purviance. (London Pavilion, GER 2982.)

The violin of Garda

by DOONE BEAL

UNTIL last month, my only sight of Lake Garda had been that tantalizing flash which one sees of it from the railway station at Desenzano: the classic beauty of mirror-like water reflecting the sky (and almost indistinguishable

from it), the honey-coloured stone, slim dark cypresses and rioting azalea. What I had not realized was its size (over 30 miles long) and its immense variety. A road runs round the lake, and fast hydrofoil

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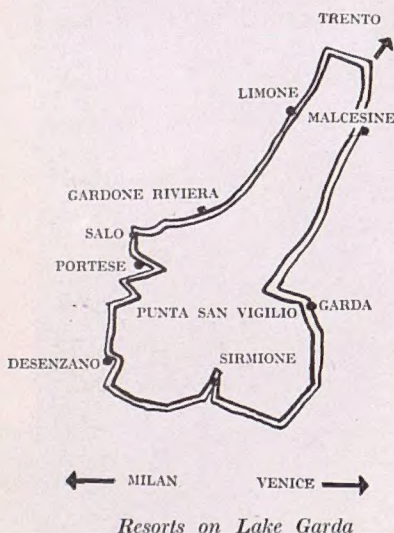
BODEGAS: JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA, SOUTHERN SPAIN

GOING PLACES *continued*

as well as steamer services make it comparatively easy to explore.

The choice of base, however, merits some consideration. Small *albergo* life in little fishing villages like Portese, Limone or Malcesine contrast with Alpine lake towns like Torbole and Riva on the narrow northern part of the lake, the Gardone Riviera with its grand hotels and masses of elegant cafés and boutiques or the gay little peninsula of Sirmione. But perhaps the most beautiful (though secluded) spot of all is Punta San Vigilio, buried in the Venetian bowl of the lake, with its strip of white sand (and one notable hotel, Locanda San Vigilio, run by an Englishman).

Garda is shaped rather like a violin, at the very base of which Sirmione points a long, slender finger of land into the middle of the lake. Sirmione has an almost Venetian languor, is honeycombed with cafés and restaurants, and supports four first-class hotels as well as several lesser ones, and scores of shops selling Venetian glass. It was celebrated by Catullus, whose grottoes on the very end of the peninsula can best be seen from the water. Should you make only a brief trip there, my word of



warning is epitomized by one exhausted lady sightseer who had gone without her tea in order to explore these grottoes from the land. "I wonder," she was heard to say faintly to her companion, "whether we'd have been better off to see the cathedral?"

I liked Portese, in a little inlet of its own not far from Desenzano. It is an intimate, simple little fishing village with good swimming and a treasure of a small *albergo*—the Piero Bella—whose rates of 27s. 6d. a day include delicious local food. It bears all the marks of a family concern, and few foreigners seem to have discovered it yet. Limone is mid-way along the Lombardy shore of the lake, at the point when it begins to narrow into something

like a fjord. It is different from almost anywhere I have seen before, but its appeal, depending on the visitor, is either strong or quite negative. For some, it could be claustrophobic because the village lies like a toy at the base of the sheer rock that towers gigantically behind the houses. Lemon groves in terraces of slim stone pedestals give it a curiously classical appearance, like a series of ruined acropolises. Right on the waterfront is the newly built hotel Azzuro. And picturesque (though up a flight of some 100 steps) is the Pergola, a simple *albergo* with a pretty vine terrace for dining. Otherwise, Limone runs to no more than pension hotels, small cafés, and a few shops.

I rather preferred its opposite number, Malcesine, on the Venetian shore. Here, the landscape is softer and more luscious, and the tiny harbour was filled, when I saw it, by two magnificent old sailing schooners. Its buildings are large and more Venetian in manner, there is also the superb 13th-century Castello Scagliero. Malcesine has only second-class hotels (though these can be excellent and frequently offer more interesting food), and has the great advantage of being only 60 kilometres from Verona.

The bigish town of Riva and its smaller neighbour, Torbole, head the lake from a magnificent setting backed steeply by the Dolomites. Riva belonged to Austria until 1918, and still has that flavour. There are some first-class hotels all facing the harbour, and the sailing is good. Many Germans, Swiss and Austrians go there because it is on the main route from Munich.

Gardone Riviera is really the chief resort of lake Garda, and is still to be recommended as the best compromise. It stretches along the open bowl of the lake from Salò (a most attractive town) to Fasano. All the big hotels—the Savoy, the Grand, the new Astoria—have their own beach establishments and magnificent terraces over the water. The Grand Hotel and the Belle Rive, at the far end of the Riviera strip at Fasano, I recommend for those who want to be quietly cosseted, well waited on, and are prepared to stay put of an evening. If you want café life and company, stay in Gardone itself.

The local tourist office in Gardone operates a useful compromise between bus services and the hire of private cars. One can join a party of six or eight in a chauffeur-driven car, for a 12-hour trip up into the mountains at a cost of about 30s. a head. The best way to reach the lake is to fly to either Milan or Venice, and take the main railway to Desenzano. Alternative is the route I have already mentioned, via Munich and Trento.

Where to eat

by JOHN BAKER WHITE

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Barbizon, 132 Cromwell Road. (FRE 0200.) C.S. A small restaurant with a pleasant atmosphere only 100 yards from the West London Air Terminal. There is nearly always *Saucisson Toulouse* on the menu and *Steak Diane* is a speciality. The "set" dinner is good value at 12s. 6d. The wine list is adequate and there is a full licence. Coffee would be better if it was not over-boiled.

Charcos, 1 Bray Place, Chelsea. (KNI 4903.) Open again for lunch and dinner up to midnight, after a damaging fire, it has a new décor and a new direction. The clientele seems to be the same. Grills are a speciality, and when the weather is good you may be able to get a table outside. Not recommended for the hard of hearing, but interesting to students of the higher non-beatnik strata of Chelsea society. W.B.

Seven Stars, Corner House, Coventry Street. A travelled American friend considers this restaurant about the best value for money anywhere. Its line is high quality plain English cooking. A large plate of roast beef, cut from the joint, with horse-radish sauce, creamed baked potato, and a mixed salad costs 8s. 3d. Other prices are equally moderate. Wines include a good claret and a pleasant dry white Graves at 12s. per bottle. The surroundings are pleasant, the service swift. Tables not booked.

Sortie from Geneva

Péruges is on a hilltop half a mile off the main Lyon-Geneva road, 22 miles from Lyon. It is a perfect example of a small medieval town beautifully restored. It was saved from falling into ruin by a Lyon lawyer Maitre Thibaud. His son is patron of the *Ostellerie Vieux Péruges*, a delightful place in which to stay or eat, but booking is essential (Tel. Meximieux 18). Specialities include *Volaille de Bress au grand four* and *Galette*, a special form of pastry.

Weddings

Parrott—Ewing: Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Ronald Ewing, of Russell Green Close, Purley, married George, son of Maj. & Mrs. G. R. Parrott, of Longniddry, East Lothian, at Purley Congregational Church



Buckley—Butler: Gillian Margaret, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Francis Buckley of St. Leonard's Terrace, S.W.3, married the Hon. Richard Butler, Irish Guards, only son of Viscount Mountgarret, Nidd Hall, Harrogate, and of Mrs. P. V. McLaughlin, of Cranmer Court, S.W.3, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, S.W.1

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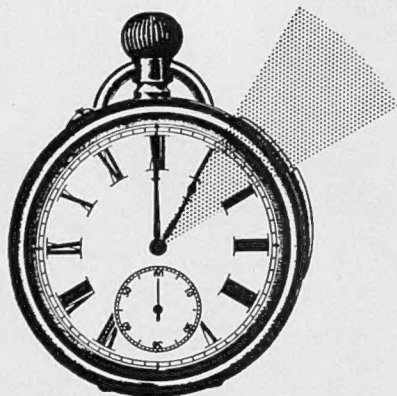


FOUR DAYS, THREE PAGEANTS



With only the Sunday for a break, the Queen appeared on successive days in different pieces of traditional pageantry. On the Saturday there was the Trooping the Colour ceremony for which the Queen wore a Grenadier tunic and cockaded tricorne. On the Monday she donned the robes of the Garter for the investiture of four new Knights of the Order in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. And on the Tuesday, with umbrellas raised, she rode with Prince Philip in the procession to open Royal Ascot. The umbrellas came down during the drive on the course, though

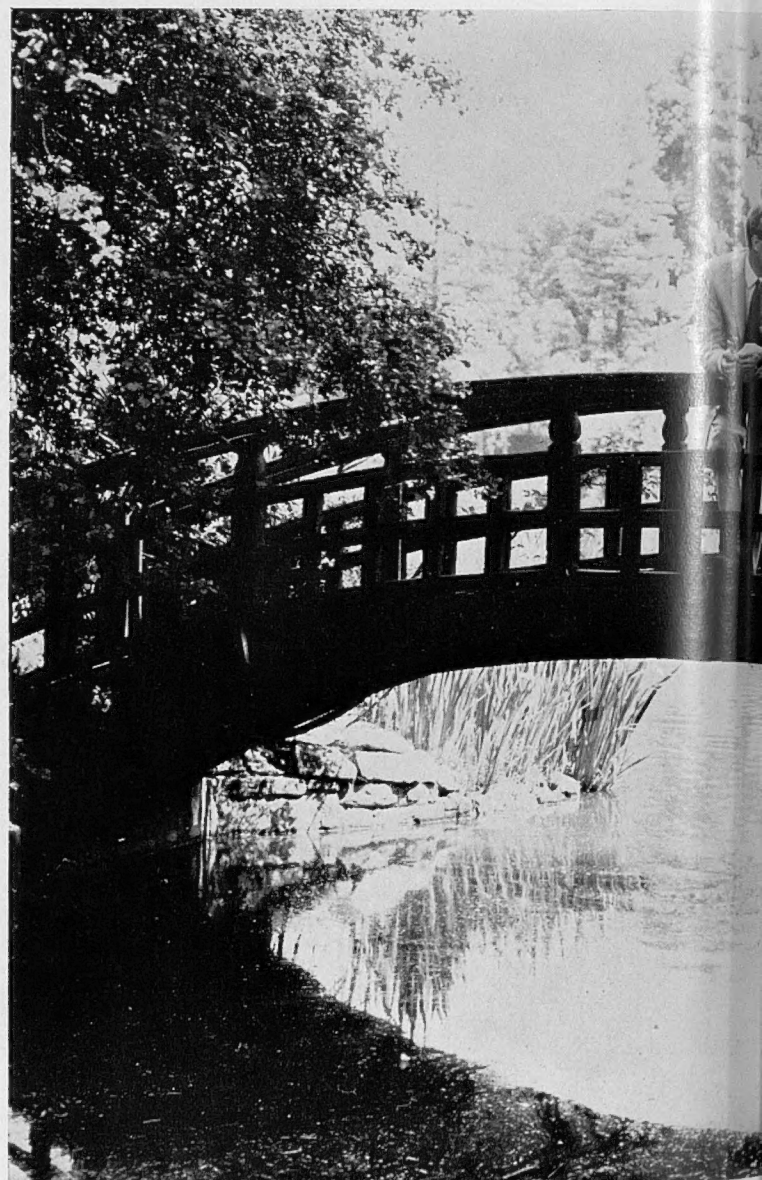
Life in the Lunch Hour



The lunch hour is a social institution of our time—but it's not often just an hour, and less and less of it is devoted to lunch. Probably the only person who regularly spends the whole spell in a restaurant is the business executive—only he's more likely to take a couple of hours over it and anyway he's meeting a business contact. The lunch hour to him is an elaborate ritual in which he must ply his guest with food and wine while contriving to calm his own fears of coronary thrombosis (too much mayonnaise) or cirrhosis of the liver (another Martini?). The compensation is that he doesn't pay the bill—it's charged to the firm. Among his staff nearly all the girls are on a diet, which is good for a slender salary as well as a slender figure. They dart into a salad bar or bolt a hamburger, and then they go shopping. The married ones have gay wicker baskets, bought on holiday in Italy, and they bring them back stuffed with groceries. The single girls buy clothes at sales, or meet boy friends, or meet girl friends to talk about boy friends. But these are just the routine outings. A really imaginative lunch hour can range from a trip on the river (45 minutes from Westminster Bridge) to getting the sheets washed in the nearest launderette (the more adventurous ones sell snacks). On the household front it's also a great time for desk men with a manual itch to stock up with tools for weekend



Listening to the band brings a devoted turn-out of music-lovers to St. Paul's every Thursday. Concerts on the steps there are given between 12 and 2, with an interval of 15 minutes at 1 for a service in the cathedral. Says Major C. H. Jaeger, Director of Music, Irish Guards: "The music is kept pretty light . . . not too militarish, as people want to relax and listen"



exploits—hence the profusion of electrical and hardware shops in between the staid offices of the City. The soul is catered for, too. In Regent Street the New Gallery, once a cinema, is now given over to evangelism and it issues a lunch-hour invitation to passers-by to come in for "Midday Music and Meditation." That other gallery, the National, also counts the lunch-hour among its busiest times, especially

CONTINUED ON PAGE 642



Browsing among books takes the Hon. William Plowden in his lunch hour to Hatchards, Piccadilly, where he usually reads a chapter or two a day—and sometimes buys a paperback. He is at present two-thirds of the way through *The Private Papers of Hore-Belisha*. Says Mr. Donati, Hatchards' assistant manager, indulgently: "We have quite a large browsing clientele. . . ."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEWIS MORLEY

Examining just what goes on during the daily interval that's supposed to be for eating



Sunning in the park is the lunch-hour habit of Mr. Peter Carr-Simmonds and Mr. Richard Bloomfield, two young insurance men. They discuss clients. The park is Regent's, which is near their office, and they stroll round among the flowers in Queen Mary's Garden, sit on the bridge, or loll on the grass



Going to church is encouraged by the Rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, the Rev. J. S. Brewis. His weekly lunch-time services attract a congregation of about 150. This Wren church, badly damaged by bombing, has now been restored, apart from the tower, under the direction of Sir Albert Richardson

on wet days, while on warm days the Serpentine has its clientele of swimmers and sunners. Miss Miriam Karlin, the actress from *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be* (who is also filming by day with Sophia Loren), says she spends her lunch hour with a boiled egg studying form and telephoning her bookies. An insurance doctor says it's the one time all his company's life clients want to come for their medical (he doesn't let them). A travel agency says that half the holidays they arrange are booked then. And of course there is more hair cut between 1 and 2 in London than at any Australian sheep-shearing station. Meanwhile bosses who wonder where the junior typist rushes off to could probably find her at the Lyceum, jiving to gramophone records in a 6d. lunch-hour hop. Later, as the twenties overtake the teens, she may track down one of the lunch-hour jam sessions that reverberate in E.C.4 cellars. The boss himself, dabbling in the acquisition of status symbols, may periodically use his midday break to slip into Sotheby's or Christie's for a preview of a coming antiques sale. Even this is only sampling—and unscientific at that. For the lunch hour is a microcosm of life. Marriages are proposed, divorces are filed, wedding suits are hired, apartments are let. Some people still have lunch, too.



Window shopping, at its peak during the lunch hour, is practised in a specialized form by Mr. John Bird, theatrical producer and playwright. He haunts the car showrooms, sizing up new models and trying them out. At intervals he pounces and purchases. But there are always new ones coming out, which makes his pastime rather like painting the Forth Bridge



Going to the pictures can be fitted in—and is, by Miss Jane Davies, a fashion model. On her feet posing for photographers most of the day, she likes a rest during the lunch hour and finds that the best place is a news theatre. As the programme is continuous it doesn't really matter when she goes in or when she comes out. She used to take in bananas to eat, but is now dieting



Playing tennis or netball is a lunch-hour recreation for girls who work near Lincoln's Inn Fields. They can count on an enthusiastic audience of lawyers and business-men, and perhaps a surgeon or two from the Royal College. There is usually an earnest tub-thumper on the corner too, but the serious gentlemen of these parts seem much more absorbed in the problems of netball

Life
in
the
Lunch
Hour CONTINUED



Buying a wedding dress was the lunch-hour mission of Miss Penny Hannaford, a private secretary. She got to Dickins & Jones in Regent Street at 1.15, spotted this dress, and was measured for a veil. She was out of the shop by 1.45 and back in the office by 2. Two weeks later she was married to Mr. Paul Vincenzi, of Springfield, Essex, at St. Stephen's, Ealing

MURIEL BOWEN:

Everybody in their best clothes

Lord Hastings, chairman of the society, had a carnation from Miss Pallino Baricalla



PHOTOGRAPHS:
A. V. SWAEBE

Miss Elisabetta Marzotto and Mr. Luigi Lucheschi are both over here to learn English



Lady Rupert Nevill, eldest daughter of the Earl of Portsmouth, and Mr. David Hicks



At midnight guests were entertained with Neapolitan folk songs by the Posteggiatori group

A ball for Italophiles

was given at the Savoy (ambitiously decorated) by the British-Italian Society

THE Dean of Westminster used a phrase I couldn't improve on. "I think it looks very well," he said, "Everybody in their best clothes." He was talking about the congregation in evening dress for the thanksgiving service in Westminster Abbey that started Westminster School's celebrations of entering a fifth century. But it would have applied just as well to the turnout I saw a few days later when Eton celebrated the Fourth. Everybody's best clothes made a wonderful spectacle of both occasions.

The Archbishop of Canterbury conducted Westminster's thanksgiving. And what a sight it was—2,000 people in evening dress, the women wearing ermine capes, cloth-of-gold stoles and sometimes mantillas on their heads. "I can't recall seeing the Abbey like this before," said the Dean (the Very Rev. Eric Abbott), "but then I'm a new boy round here." Dr. Abbott, Dean since last year, is *ex-officio* chairman of the school's governing body. He is also a distinguished preacher and, something rarer, a captivating conversationalist.

After the ceremony guests walked through a dungeon-like flagged passage, or across the cobbles, to a rich banquet in "School." Red wine was drunk. Memories were recalled as Old Westminsters stood beneath the 17th-century organ (originally in Westminster Cathedral), splendidly silhouetted against the tall windows of modern heraldic glass.

"I'm all in favour of Westminster's system of weekly boarders," Viscount Davidson told me. "It keeps the boys in touch with their homes and gives them a more realistic sort of existence than the ordinary boarding school." After 40 years on the governing body, Lord Davidson is now the senior governor.

The Earl of Albemarle, Lord & Lady Kilmaine, Mr. Hubert Ashton, M.P., & Lady Ashton, the Hon. Mr.

Justice & Lady Cross, and Lord & Lady Rea were being warmly greeted by Mr. David Carey. He is chairman of the School's Appeal Committee, which hopes to raise £250,000. Like all the public schools nowadays Westminster is embracing science as the study which holds many of the keys to the future. More than £50,000 is being spent on science facilities.

Out in the garden the new century was being heralded with beads of coloured lights stretching from tree to tree, and the music of the red-coated band provided a backcloth to conversing guests and refreshment tents.

There was Sir Roy Harrod, the economist, & Lady Harrod. He was at Westminster during World War I and he was telling me that the school has scarcely changed in the interval. Apparently Sir Roy has scarcely changed either. One of his classmates said to me: "He was the brainiest boy in my time and he looked just as he does now—his hair needing a good brush."

I met the Bishop of Chester, the Rt. Rev. Gerald Ellison, towering high as a bearskin in his purple. Like Sir Roy he was recalling his schooldays. "For four years I travelled from Notting Hill Gate to Westminster on the Tube every day—I know every inch of the way," he told me. His Lordship, the Church's best shot, is looking forward to some stalking in Scotland in the fall.

I wondered if the proximity of the House of Commons had influenced many Old Westminsters to choose politics as a career. Apparently not. Of living Old Westminsters a large percentage are either doctors or lawyers. "Just lately we've had quite a number going on to Sandhurst, and into the Foreign Service," Mr. John Carleton told me. "But our politicians are few and far between compared with the professions generally."

Still, the School cricketers are the oldest rivals of the Lords & Commons side. Next day I went to the School's sports ground in Vincent Square to see Mr. Michael Hall lead the School XI to a six-wicket victory.

"We won the first match rather easily (that was in 1860), but things have been getting hotter for us since," said Wing-Comdr. Eric Bullus, M.P., honorary treasurer of the Lords & Commons side. Best scorers for the politicians were Mr. Neville Ford (brother of Sir Edward, Assistant Private Secretary to the Queen), and Mr. David Gibson-Watt, M.P. Mr. Ford, who is in business not politics, was playing as a guest.

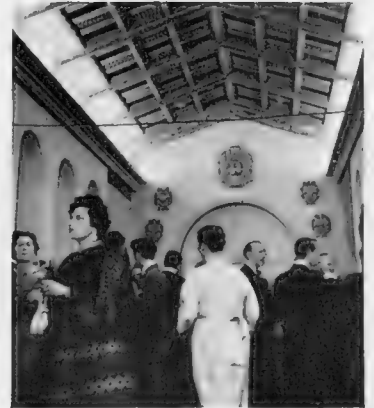
With an average age of 15 against the politicians' 40, the School's win was not unexpected. "Trouble with us is that we can't run and get round like they can," explained Mr. Charles Orr-Ewing, M.P. (relishing a bun with a cherry on it), during the tea interval. Mr. Orr-Ewing is Civil Lord of the Admiralty.

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Historic SCHOOLS, historic CELEBRATIONS



Mr. John Carleton, headmaster of Westminster School since 1957



WESTMINSTER: A reception to mark the 400th anniversary of the school



Lord Nathan was at the reception after the thanksgiving service



Above: The newly restored "School" roof. The school chef tosses a pancake over the central bar to start the annual Shrove Tuesday scramble

Left: Guests walked to the school after the Westminster Abbey service

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



The Dean of Westminster, the Very Reverend Eric S. Abbott



Lady Cynthia Postan, second of the Earl of Albemarle's three daughters



The Hon. Lady Hyllton-Foster, wife of the Speaker of the House of Commons



Sir Roy Harrod, the economist, who is a governor of the school



*The Earl of Hopetoun, son of
the Marquess of Linlithgow*



PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE

ETON: The traditional Fourth of June marked the birthday of King George III



*Miss Valerie Moss—sun glasses
and a Victorian parasol*



*Miss Clarissa Biddulph, Miss
Anita de Chair and
Jasper Biddulph*



*Mrs. Reynolds Stone and her
son Humphrey*



*Marquess & Marchioness
Camden with their son
Lord Michael Pratt*



Before the parade of boats, the coxswains were briefed by the Hon. Victor Lampson (right), the Captain of Boats this year



Watching the cricket: Alexandra and Serena Palmer, daughters of Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Palmer, and (right) the Hon. Kirstin Lowther and her brother, Viscount Ullswater



I also found myself watching cricket at Eton. Cricket dominated the Fourth of June celebrations. Old Etonians, some fascinating with faces like a sheet of vellum, gathered on the fringes of Agar's Plough to watch the School play Eton Ramblers. It is Speeches though which I'd rather report from Eton. Alas, they're a closed shop to visitors. A pity. When one thinks of the best talkers of the day the first names to come to mind are those of Old Etonians, like Viscount Hailsham. On this occasion I had to be content with being **Sir John Aird's** guinea-pig over lunch. He let me in on what he had prepared for a prizegiving at a girls' school—rather racy stuff too.

Back on the playing fields we saw the Eton Ramblers, captained by Mr. **Julian Jenkinson**, get the better of the School's first eleven in a dramatic finish. With more than 200 playing members, the Ramblers are one of the most active of Old Boys' cricket clubs. "We're just a lot of ordinarily keen cricketing chaps, winning as many matches in a year as we loose," Mr. **Guy Pease**, the Ramblers' honorary secretary, told me.

As always, it was essentially a parents' and children's day. **Sir Eric & Lady Bowater** were there with their son **Nicolas**. Mr. **Bill Deedes**, M.P., & Mrs. Deedes were with theirs, **J. W. Deedes**. **Marquess & Marchioness Camden** took their son, **Lord Michael Pratt**, out to lunch. And **Lieut-Col. Douglas Stewart** was with his 15-year-old son, **R. D. Stewart**, who had quite the biggest and best boutonniere in a day that is noted for the size and number of boutonnieres.

There were also plenty of recent Old Etonians, those who had left in the last couple of years, parading beautiful girls by the tea tent. I noticed Miss **Clarissa Biddulph**, Miss **Aurea Battiscombe**, and **Sir Winston Churchill's** granddaughter, Miss **Edwina Sandys**, who was using her umbrella to keep off the sun. Odd the way the English keep wishing for the sun and then contriving how

they can best get away from it. I met Mr. & Mrs. **Douglas Dodds-Parker** heading away from Agar's Plough early in the afternoon. "We're off to visit friends the other side of Windsor," he explained. "We'll be back again as soon as it cools off a bit."

A NEW MAYOR

I was in Westminster again, this time at the Cathedral, for a civic service to mark the beginning of the year of office of the new Mayor and Mayoress, Mr. & Mrs. **Robert Everest**. This was a High Mass with **Cardinal William Godfrey** presiding, and the celebrant was the Everests' son, **Dom Rupert Everest** from Ampleforth. It was a colourful occasion. There was the rich Roman ritual, and the red and blue robes of the Aldermen and Councillors picked out by the pale sun streaming through the tall windows.

Mr. **Charles Russell**, **Lady Hulbert**, Mr. **John Wells**, Mr. **Peter Coles**, Mr. **Ashley Bramwell** and Mrs. **Margaret Ball-Wilson** were among those I noticed in the procession up the aisle. Some of the women of the Council had given one or two softening touches to the stiff formality of their robes. Miss **Petronella Paton-Walsh** wore a tricorne instead of the usual cocked hat, and Miss **Anne Marsh** had a frothy jabot of white lace.

Afterwards there was a reception at Cardinal Godfrey's house. **Sir George Rendle** was there, and **Col. & Mrs. James Mulholland**, Mr. **Douglas & the Hon. Mrs. Woodruff**, Mr. & Mrs. **George Potts**, Mr. **William Teeling**, M.P., Dr. & Mrs. **Brian Warren**, Mr. **Alan Dawtry**, Mr. & Mrs. **Alec Wizard**, and **Sir Harold & Lady Hood**.

A couple of days earlier I had had a pre-lunch drink with Mr. & Mrs. Everest at their flat in Ashley Place. A chartered surveyor, he's a slim, grey-haired man in his fifties, who grows roses and peonies at their Georgian-type house on the South Downs. Now, as Mayor of Westminster, he takes over

in one of the most social jobs in the country. "I'm told that I can expect to change my clothes five times a day for official functions," he told me. As there are 72 embassies in Westminster and each one seems under solemn obligation to salute its national day, its monarch's or president's birthday, the Everests can look forward to a couple of hundred diplomatic invitations for a start. Social secretaries arranging such receptions in Westminster send out "warnings" to the more important guests as much as nine months in advance to avoid a clash.

Just how much does it all cost a Mayor out of his own pocket. "I shall be in a better position to answer that by next June," Mr. Everest told me. "But it runs to round £5,000 at least."

MORE CENTURIES

Though evenings in the City of Westminster are always full with parties and celebrations, an evening party in the City of London is a rarity. The sixth centenary celebrations of the Court of Admiralty brought convoys of City men and their wives to E.C.3. They gathered at Lloyd's, where they were given champagne and a buffet supper after being received by Mr. **Anthony Grover**, the chairman, & Mrs. Grover. "Lord Merriman [the President of the Court] told me some time ago that the Court would be 600 years old this year, and it was decided to give a reception here as part of the celebrations," Mr. Grover told me.

Lloyd's, which can calculate your misfortune with microscopic precision, is a wonderful place for a party. Lots of space, lots of well-sprung chairs to take the weight off your feet. Guests included **Sir Anthony & Lady Hawke**, **Lord & Lady Evershed**, **Sir George & Lady Coldstream**, Mr. **Frederick Erroll**, M.P., & Mrs. Erroll, and **Admiral Harold Smith** (who commands the U.S. Naval forces in Europe) & Mrs. Smith.

BRIGGS by Graham



Gallery on the Grand Union

Mr. & Mrs. John James gave a party
to open the Canaletto Art Gallery
in their converted canal barge



The barge is moored in the Grand Union Canal opposite Blomfield Rd.



Mr. Ruskin Spear, the Royal Academician, who has two paintings
in the current exhibition, with Mr. & Mrs. James, who gave the party



Inside the gallery. The conversion was the idea of Mr. John James, himself an artist, who originally
planned it as a studio. Art patron Lord Methuen opened the gallery in the presence of 200 guests

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



Miss Ursula Jeans with her
husband, Mr. Roger Livesey,
and Mr. Hugh Boyce Combe



Susan Lady Lawrence



Miss Linden Zilliacus and Mr.
Alexander Cockburn, who will be
going up to Oxford this autumn



The Duchess of Leeds,
the painter, and the
Rev. O'Brien Hamilton

Left:
Mrs. John Metcalf



Mr. Ernie Hill, 73, Ring Guard at the Richmond Show since the war, has been working in horse shows for the past 60 years. Opposite: Jane Rigby (13), the only competitor riding side-saddle, was Champion Child Rider of 1960, winning the City of London Champion Challenge Cup on Whitepool Regalia. Below: Ring Steward Mr. Stephen Cross and Pony Judges Mrs. R. Lanigan-O'Keeffe and Mrs. E. Griffith. Bottom: Mary Rose Peddie was third in the Child Rider Championship



Paul Oliver (15) who won the Fountain Challenge Cup on Kangaroo for the second year running. Right: Vanessa Todd Froome (9) with Wanda Stephenson (10), who won the Royal Horse Show Cup for the Reserve Champion Rider



YOUNG

Children and their ponies made the 60th Richmond Royal Horse Show. There were 185 of them, one of the biggest entries ever, but that was nothing to the number that came to watch, writes MURIEL BOWEN. "There are certainly greater numbers of children riding now than before the war," said Miss Sybil Smith. "More thoroughbred ponies, too, and quite a few more Welsh ponies this year." Miss Smith who taught the Queen to ride—also the Prince of Wales and Princess Anne—is the great expert on children and their ponies.

Highspot for the bigger children was the award of the City of London Cup for the best child rider. It went to 13-year-old Jane Rigby, the only side-saddle rider. A pretty picture she made, too, on her grey mare Whitepool Regalia. It's a pity more girls don't ride side-saddle but, as with so many other things, the stumbling-block is expense. The riding habit costs three or four times as much as an astride outfit, and



RIDERS AT RICHMOND

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MALCOLM AIRD

in any case children grow out of them so quickly.

If the leading rein class is any indication, the horses of the future won't be short of riders. Thirty-eight children, some just tumbling out of the toddling stage and all under the age of seven, appeared before the judges. Winner was the superbly mannered Welsh roan Stroatley Rhosyn, owned by Lady Muir and ridden by seven-year-old Mark Hayden. "I took up breeding as a hobby; now I send ponies all over the world," she told me. "But I'm not selling this one—I've already refused an open cheque for her." Lady Muir is the wife of Sir Edward Muir, Permanent Secretary at the Ministry of Works. I asked Miss Smith what she thought of the leading rein class. "An excellent idea. The best possible introduction the child can have to the show ring. I like to start my pupils off when they're two-and-a-half."

Malcolm Aird replaced Alan Vines (announced as the photographer on page 633) owing to a change of assignments



Frances Nicholls with Judith Taylor (12), who rode Miss K. Llewellyn's Bluebell in the Royal Star Challenge Bowl competition

Left: Clare Liggins (6) also rode Bluebell, but in the beginners' competition for children on a leading rein

LORD KILBRACKEN :

Suspense at a penny a word

IN the days when telegrams were a penny a word, with a minimum of sixpence, my mother and I invented a telegraphic code. We worked it out so that we could say almost anything by means of one or at the most two words, and this often saved as much as ninepence or a shilling. It was fun to send messages no one else could understand, and the pennies we saved could be spent on ice-cream and foreign stamps.

It didn't matter that we now sent two or three times as many telegrams as before. We felt we had scored a personal victory over the Postmaster-General when the telegram said only something like PROGNOSTICATE (there was never any need for a signature). But I could then discover, by secret reference to the well-hidden red exercise book, the unguessable and vital meaning: that my mother would be "taking me out" next Sunday, and would arrive at the Burning Bush on the Green Line bus at 2.30. I would naturally then walk down to the post office, and send EPISTEMOLOGY ZOROASTRIAN or something, so that my mother might know that I would meet the bus and that I was very well.

The red exercise book has long since gone the mysterious way of all the paraphernalia of boyhood, and only fragments of its contents remain in my memory. We chose either very long words, the longest we could find in the dictionary, to get full value for each penny, or words that themselves implied their meanings, but only to my mother and myself. Through the years there come back to me, in shadowy form, XYLOPHONE and CONGLOMERATION and NEOPLATONISM, but I can no longer remember their telegraphic interpretations. The self-implying kind were easier, and two of these are the only ones I can still definitely recall. One was the antithesis of the other, and they alone became traditional and never fell out of use.

For my mother had just finished writing

a play, which I knew was the best play ever written, and which bore the intriguing title *Four Men in a Hat*. Everyone knows that playwrights quickly become famous and make fortunes, and there was probably nothing I then wanted more than that Mummy's Play (as we in the family always called it) should be "accepted." This was almost certain to happen soon. Then, for years and years, people would come and pay real spending money to see it; from each member of the audience my mother would receive the price of two, three, perhaps even four or five ice-creams (in those happy days I knew nothing of royalties), and the theatre, a large one, would always be full.

The acceptance of Mummy's Play was pre-eminently an event to be telegraphed. The code word we chose was the golden word SOVEREIGNS. And, being realists, we had this other word, MUD, which we never expected to use, which would mean that Mummy's Play had been "declined" (we did not say "rejected"). I think I received eleven MUDS in the next three years, and my mother then decided that her play should be revised. It reappeared as *Three Men in a Hat*—I don't know how the fourth man got out—and another succession of MUDS followed.

Mummy's Play was shelved during the war, and then, with characteristic unpredictability, she took to composing music (at the age of 53). For a while this absorbed all her energies, but soon she unshelved *Three Men*, revised it once more, wrote the incidental music for it, and rechristened it *Immortal Minute*. I happened to be staying with her when the bulky, self-addressed envelope first came back. "What's the verdict?" I asked when I took it in to her.

"Mud," she replied.

A week or two later, I learnt that the book which I had been writing had been accepted by Gollancz, and in the wild excitement of the good news I forgot about SOVEREIGNS. I went rushing into my mother's room: "My

book's been taken! My book's been taken!" A moment later, shame-faced, I remembered, and later in the morning I went into a call-box and sent it.

But I knew very well, despite everything, that this was not the authentic SOVEREIGNS, the originally-intended SOVEREIGNS, the long-awaited. That would come only when Mummy's Play was "taken," and I now desired its acceptance far more than the publication of any book of mine. We had often joked about it, but I knew how much it would mean to her and the difference it would make to her life: a justification, in a way, and a fulfilment. When I re-read it for the first time since I was 16, I still thought it was good; I was astonished by my mother's worldly wisdom, which showed me a new side of her, till I realized that the play was now in fact the essence of some 17 years of her life. The old dream of the First Night rose once again before me, and of the cries of "Author!" and of my mother walking out on to the stage.

My second book was published in the States (I wondered whether to send DOLLARS) and, soon afterwards, I paid my first visit to New York. My mother reached her 60th birthday whilst I was away; in the old days there had been a code word for "Many Happy Returns," but I had long since forgotten the cipher, and sent my signal in plain language. On the way back, in mid-Atlantic, a messenger came one evening to the door of my four-berth cabin. He was impersonal in his white jacket and black trousers, and he carried with him a little sheaf of cables which he was distributing round the ship.

It used to be fun to get telegrams, in the days of the red exercise book, but I no longer enjoy the moments of suspense between the receiving and the reading, for they all seem to bring bad news nowadays. So it was with relief that I saw the single word which my mother had sent me; I'd been waiting 18 years for it.



WAS NASH A SQUARE?

Purists can say what they like about him, but his familiar buildings evoke an unshakable affection among modern laymen — especially Hector Bolitho, who previews (overleaf) a new book on this architect of elegance



JOHN NASH, 1752-1835, National Portrait Gallery



Mr. Woodrow & Lady Moorea Wyatt's house in Park Village West



Garden front of Buckingham Palace as designed by Nash for George IV

Was NASH a SQUARE?

continued

CRITICS have always been particularly beastly to architects: the sad wretches at their drawing boards have only to sketch a lamp standard for all the world to be about their ears. We can throw a book into the fire, or expel a painting to the attic, if they displease us; but we cannot ignore a building. So the damning of architects is an art, and has become a paid profession.

We remember the lines on "Dead Sir John Vanbrugh", in memory of his designs for Blenheim Palace:

Lie heavy on him, Earth! for he
Laid many heavy loads on thee.

And the epigram on John Nash:

Augustus of Rome was for building renown'd,
For of marble he left what of brick he had found;
But is not our Nash, too, a very great master?
He finds us all brick and leaves us all plaster.

Sir Lionel Cust wrote of Nash that "no one of the buildings" he designed qualified him "to rank as a great architect". Nevertheless, this astute little man—"very clever, odd, amusing . . . with a face like a monkey's"—built his mansions, terraces, crescents and squares, and also many small houses, all over the kingdom; and only a churl would turn up his nose at what Nash did for the Brighton Pavilion.

Like so many people who have prospered under royal patronage, Nash found himself in a nest of enemies when George IV died; and after being charged with dishonesty and incompetence, he retired to his castle at East Cowes, to live "a well-ordered, extremely comfortable and amusing life". A reminder of all this comes in *The Architecture of John Nash**, by Terence Davis—a beautifully illustrated book to which Sir John Summerson has contributed an introduction.

Soon after Nash's death, the years of destruction began. In 1847, his front to Buckingham Palace, described by Sir John Summerson

* To be published on June 27 by The Studio (50s.), lavishly illustrated.



Staircase, Sandridge Park (1805), home of Earl & Countess Cathcart

as "ill-omened and ultimately disastrous", was built anew (to house Queen Victoria's growing family), and his triumphal Marble Arch was moved to the junction of Oxford Street and Park Lane, where it is now dwarfed by the monstrous modern blocks that surround it.

I am old enough to remember Nash's Regent Street—torn down to make room for the pedestrian muddle of today. There is only the curve left to remind us of his courage in cutting that splendid line separating bohemian Soho from the genteel squares of Mayfair. The fate of Nash's houses has also been depressing: of the eight he built in Ireland, most are in ruins; and all over England there are derelict mansions—Ravensworth Castle in Co. Durham, Garnstone in Herefordshire, West Grinstead Park in Sussex . . . gutted or yawning to the skies.

Being a sentimentalist rather than a purist, I mentioned this destruction of Nash to a friend in Brighton. Our friendship almost ended as he answered: "Nonsense! Most of Nash's work was architectural rubbish; he relied on classical pillars and other dishonest devices to give that effect of grandeur that always slays the British, because of their inborn absence of taste."

Then he argued: "This absence—this uncertainty—manifests itself in a desperate clinging to the old and familiar—including your friend Nash—just because the British lack any natural standards of appreciation by which to judge contemporary developments."

My sentimental sighs had no chance against such sputniks of argument, so I changed the subject. Next day, I made a journey along the coast, and then inland, to Salisbury, only to find another tide of indignation against the architects.

I lived in the Close at Salisbury for two years: I knew the Cathedral at dawn, when bishops and canons were still enjoying their mellow dreams—when the water-colour light of the early sun touched the spire; and I knew it at night, when the great body of the Cathedral seemed to float in the mist, like a fabulous ship. When I lived there Wyatt was the enemy. One could stand on the grass, still showing



Vaulted corridor leading to bedrooms, also at Sandridge Park, Devon



Copper-domed porch of Southborough Place, Surrey, owned by Dr. N. A. Power

the outline of the belfry he tore down—the stain of his sin still in the shading of the lawn—and listen to some old scholar talking of “Wyatt the Destroyer”, who had the stained-glass windows beaten to pieces so that he could sell the lead and throw the precious glass into the City Ditch.

But this time I found a new anger: against a new architect who has wrought his interesting changes within the splendid interior. Lord Mottistone has recently removed Sir Gilbert Scott's screen and reredos, and now you see the full, immense space of the Cathedral and the simple altar, covered with red brocade, with no ornaments except a cross and two candlesticks. Some visitors stand in awe and delight as they move their eyes from east to west, without any Victorian interruption. But some sit over their sherry in the gardens within the Close and vent on Lord Mottistone the indignation they used to pour on Wyatt. I heard one say: “The draughts in winter will be terrible: we'll all die of pneumonia.” Another said: “I was used to the Gilbert Scott reredos: the new altar is pure Cecil Beaton.” So Lord Mottistone inherits Wyatt's cloak of blame. The damage done in Cromwell's time is never mentioned—I suppose this is because “The Protector” was not an architect.

From Salisbury I travelled to London and spent a Sunday afternoon indulging my nostalgic pleasure in the buildings Terence Davis describes in his book. I passed the United Service Club in Pall Mall and saw, beyond a window, two naval officers bent over a table. I hoped they were drinking port. I walked on towards Buckingham Palace—ignored the awful façade and imagined the garden front, where the Queen is turning one of the Nash conservatories into an art gallery, to which we will all be admitted to see pictures from the royal collections. Then I drove north, through Hanover Terrace, where Mr. Topolski lives in one of the Nash houses; and to Park Lane West, to see the “small Classical villa with octagonal tower” in which Mr. Woodrow and Lady Moorea Wyatt live, with an equally pretty view to both Left and Right.



Contemporary engravings of three Nash country houses. Top right: West Grinstead Park, Sussex, now owned by Lord Glendyne and almost derelict. Top left: East Cowes Castle, Isle of Wight, once Nash's own country house, now the property of Mr. Arthur Guy. Right: Luscombe Castle, Devon, home of Sir Peter Hoare, Bt. Left: Nash's Regent Street, with the colonnades which were demolished in 1848

Perhaps it is true that I lack the “natural standards of appreciation to judge contemporary developments” in architecture—as I enjoy these bouts of betjermania, wandering along the terraces near Regent's Park, or contemplating such “architectural rubbish” as the little dairy in the park of Blaise Castle, Somerset. The fact is I'm just an old Nash square, and it's too late for me to do anything about it.



The Redgrave family is bound up with the stage though Sir Michael began life as a schoolmaster. Lady Redgrave is actress Rachel Kempson; Corin, 21, at the piano with his father, is still at Cambridge where he recently produced *The Duenna*. Of the Redgrave daughters Vanessa, 23, is rehearsing with her father for *The Tiger And The Horse*, Robert Bolt's new play, while Lynn, 17, is at dramatic school

Brook Williams (opposite with father Emlyn) is developing a lighter touch. He has appeared in two West End plays and is now touring in the Rattigan musical *Joie de Vivre*. Recently he was in Johannesburg for a lead part in the South African production of *Five Finger Exercise*. Brook, 22, is the only son to follow in his father's footsteps. His elder brother, Alan, 24, is a recruit to journalism

Acting in the family

Lots of parents are only too glad to accept the advice given to Mrs. Worthington,

but when they are on the stage themselves it's difficult to stop the children having a go

PHOTOGRAPHS: GERTI DEUTSCH

Harriet Devine (below) is the daughter of George Devine, artistic director of the English Stage Company at the Royal Court Theatre. At 17 she began to learn stagecraft as assistant stage manager at the Lyric, Hammersmith, while waiting to take up full-time dramatic training. She is photographed in a completely typical pose, watching a dress rehearsal of *Rosmersholm* from the circle of the Comedy







ACTING IN THE FAMILY *continued*

Robin Brown, 16, is the son of television actor Phil Brown. He lives with his father, novelist mother and younger brother Jed on a houseboat at Chiswick. Robin began as a child star (at five) went on to make a television name in *My Heart's in the Highlands* and *The Grass Harp*. Just now he is completing his education and has hopes of a course in psycho-analysis at Stanford University in America—the Browns' home country. His theory: "You can't be an actor without being a psycho-analyst—and vice-versa."



Julia Lockwood, 18, seen with mother Margaret, has developed an acting talent of her own and underlined it with a number of successful performances. The Lockwoods have often appeared together, notably in *Peter Pan*, and Julia toured as *Peter* this year after the London production. More recently they played mother and daughter roles in *The Royalty*, a BBC television series. Julia has also made a useful contribution to the Lockwood film tradition with a starring role as a Sagan-style author in *Please Turn Over*.

ESSENTIAL ETCETERAS

THE TATLER & Bystrandur 22 June 1969 659



ESSENTIAL ETCETERAS

Where the sun is hot and the water cool, elegant accessories really come into their own. The secret is to stock up on fancy trimmings before the trip. Its easily done because you can buy them all in the London shops

Essential etceteras ranged above would give a million dollar look to the simplest of white holiday dresses. Foreign imports include the flat bag of navy calf from France with huge brass mounts, 28½ gns. at Liberty's, Regent Street, and the Italian court shoes in navy calf with inserts of white on the vamp, 6 gns. at Chanda, Henrietta Place, W.1. The suède belt with its gilt mount costs £3 17s. 6d.; shown here in wistaria it is also

made in any other colour at the Belt Boutique, Knightsbridge. Massive necklace of pearls and rough cut crystals in wistaria shades with a square diamanté clasp costs 7½ gns. from Presents, Dover Street. Ascher's silken square *Piccadilly* 1830, designed by Roland Pym, 3½ gns., at the Kenbarry, 4 William Street, Knightsbridge. Gastronomic aids for summer living: Pimm's No. 1 Cup and dinner at the Hind's Head, Bray-on-Thames

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DON JARVIS





ESSENTIAL ETCETERAS *continued*

A LITTLE thought beforehand is all that's needed to keep cool and comfortable ashore or afloat. Make a list before you start and be sure you'll need the etceteras (*opposite*) starting with the gay multi-coloured sunshade that you can clip to a deckchair or a table edge, £1 11s. 6d. at Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street. Cool, too, the raffia hat, £1 18s. from the Eaton Bag Company, Manette Street, Soho, W.1. Essentials for swimmers, the 36" x 64" beach towel printed with a brilliant design of sailing ships, £1 17s. 6d. at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge; the rubber "Poodle" swimming cap in coral (other colours too) by Kleinerts, 4 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove; the elasticized white-trimmed coral swimsuit, one of four designs made only to measure, 7 gns., by Spirella of Oxford Circus. They can be ordered through any Spirella agent in a wide range of colours and made within a fortnight. Take on appropriate colouring with *Night Tan*, the new lotion that needs only one night's application and makes you look as if you've been beachcombing for months. It works by stimulating the pigment of the skin, costs 25s. a bottle from most chemists and stores. Ferragamo's tan calf sandals imported from Italy are called

Leonardo, have exotic Turkish toes and cork heels, 3 gns. from Ferragamo, Old Bond Street, W.1; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. Substituting for a breeze on breathless days, a portable battery fan, 15s. at Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1. For lunch at a smart restaurant, cocktails at a friend's villa or visits to the Casino you'll need (*above*) the huge white calf handbag with gilt mounts, £29 10s. from the Rayne Boutique, Old Bond Street, W.1. For highlighting a sleeveless sheath dress, a pendant necklace in simulated sapphires and rhinestones with ear-rings *en suite*, by Christian Dior, £17 15s. and £5 7s. 6d. respectively at Marshall & Snelgrove. Court shoes designed by Roger Vivier for Christian Dior in a grey and white corded silk, 9 gns. at Delman, Old Bond Street. Alternatives (*below*) are the outsize white raffia bag covered with raffia mesh and mounted with white leather, 17 gns. at Harvey Nichols, S.W.1; the twin brooches of simulated topazes by Adrien Mann, £2 9s. 6d. at Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, W.1; the sandal of white pearlized calf with draped toeless vamp and sling-back heel strap, £4 9s. 9d. at Russell & Bromley, Bond Street, W.1. Ascher's silken square costs 3½ gns. at The Kenbarry, 4 William Street, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.





ESSENTIAL ETCETERAS

continued

BEACH idea from France—a good one—is the plastic mattress (*opposite*) that folds to handbag size. It has an attached inflatable pillow and a zip pocket to keep camera, cigarettes or watch dry and sand-free, 6 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1. For lounging on the mattress, a raffia cowboy hat that could be dressed up with a gay scarf, £1 2s. 6d. from the Eaton Bag Company. The broad belt of navy hemp with a toning leather buckle costs 21s. 6d. from Harvey Nichols; the finely plaited raffia straw beach bag, £1 18s. from the Eaton Bag Company. Liberty's silken square in predominating purple and lime yellow costs £2 7s. 6d. in their *Lotus* print. Italian-imported gold kid and chain sandals, £2 5s. from Chanda, Henrietta Place, W.1. From Rome, the multi-coloured raffia hat, £6 16s. 6d. at the Galitzine Boutique, Harvey Nichols

WISE holidaymakers leave their valuable jewellery in the bank and take with them pieces that are unblushingly junk but none the less attractive for that. Like the gilt necklet in the selection (*below*) with a swagged gilt fringe. Adrien Mann, about £2 16s. 6d. at leading stores. American-imported are the three-row necklet of speckled blue beads and the matching ear-rings, £5 5s. and 15s. 9d. respectively at Harvey Nichols, S.W.1. The barbaric bracelet of expanding gold festooned with red and turquoise crystal beads costs £8 17s. 6d. at Presents, Dover Street. By Adrien Mann, the cluster brooch of amethyst and ruby stones, about £3 16s. 6d.; the facsimile antique rhinestone pendant, about 5 gns.; the gipsy ear-rings which are made in many shades of rhinestone, about £1 10s. All are obtainable at leading stores



ESSENTIAL ETCETERAS *concluded*

A FEW touches of luxury can be safely included among the essentials—in fact they are pretty essential in themselves. Ranged alongside are some items guaranteed to add zest to holiday packing and give a new sparkle to last year's summer whites. Like the silken square printed with humming birds on a white ground, £5 8s. 6d. from Liberty's or the bare-leg look stockings by Young Charnos, seamless in 15 denier micromesh. They cost 7s. 11d. at leading stores. Bright touch in footwear comes from Italy, the white calf shoe with its extra long pointed vamp costs 6 gns. from Chanda, Henrietta Place, W.1. Another Italian import is the bag in red straw edged and mounted in white calf with gilt clasps and baroque key, 12 gns. from Lenor, Henrietta Place. The spongeable white calf belt with matching buckle costs 25s. 11d. at the Belt Boutique, Knightsbridge, where other colours are also available. The cream satin evening purse and matching cigarette case printed with roses, £2 9s. 6d. and 2 gns. respectively at Lenor. From Luciana of Rome come the turquoise and pearl necklet with gilt mountings and ear-rings en suite, 9½ gns. and £3 9s. 6d. respectively at Harvey Nichols, S.W.1. Fans have made a comeback, this pretty example in imitation ivory costs only 3s. 6d. at Marshall & Snelgrove. The white kid sandal with the pearl-decorated toe-strap has a solid leather sole grained like wood, 2 gns. at Charles Jourdan, Old Bond St., W.1.





The British Exhibition in New York is scoring heavily with such

typical English touches as typical English pub and typical English

barmaid, which is only to be expected, according to MALCOLM BRADBURY . . .

WHERE TYPICAL ENGLISH IS TOPS

THERE was a time, once, when years were years, and you denoted them by numbers; and that was the end of it. Historians made years historical, long afterwards. Nowadays, we make our history beforehand. The Americans, in particular, believe in using their years for things (and for that matter their weeks); the Churches have their Prince of Peace Year and the pretzel people have National Pretzel Week, and so on.

These reflections spring fully-fledged to mind as I notice that, according to the travel advertisements, President Eisenhower has declared 1960 "Visit the United States of America" Year. At first I assumed that this was simply an attempt to recall Americans to their responsibilities. There are certainly some Americans who *do* live in America, and among those there must be, I suppose, a proportion who vacation there; but the majority of the Americans I know either spend all their time in Europe, or else they call up in the very early summer from the s.s. *United States*, just off Portland Bill, to say they have 11 days in England and plan to spend exactly four and a half of them with me. There was a spell, in the '30s, when it was fashionable for Americans to go west and see America; and perhaps Ike is trying to revert to those good old days. As it is, one goes to America and meets Englishmen, a French friend or two, and enormous quantities of Russian spies and Indian observers; all the Americans are in Europe.

On the other hand, the announcement may mean that President Eisenhower is encouraging foreigners to visit the U.S.A. If so, this is a reversal of policy. Call me curmudgeon if you will; but I've always found—as a perennial commuter across the Atlantic—that getting into America is the next hardest thing to getting into heaven. I have sworn loyalty oaths, pledging not to overthrow the American government by force, or talk about the National Health Service; I have had my fingerprints taken; I have given assurances that my moral tone is high and that I have never engaged, by thought, word or deed, in prostitution, or in the activities of left-wing organizations; I have spent days at the American embassy having blood tests and pledging different kinds of fealty. I have been required to obtain letters from American friends proving that I exist, and am a worthwhile sort of person; and that they have sufficient money to keep me in luxury should gainful employment not be my lot in America. I have crossed the Atlantic clutching in one hand a full-size X-ray photograph of my chest, and nearly been sent back to England because of a mark on the lungs caused by the thumb-print of a careless technician. Finally, on landing in New York, I have encountered, at the American customs, a collection of the most hostile, aggressive, rejecting personalities employed in one role that it has ever been my fate to meet. And then, *after all this*, there is, again as with heaven, no guarantee that you are going to like it when you are there.

Don't misunderstand me; I do actually like it, enormously. There are so many rewards. It would, for instance, be difficult to describe me as a gentleman—even one of nature's—and one of the attractions of the United States is that there one appears to be one. I don't mean to imply that I claim to be anything I'm not while in America; any claims made were made for me by the Americans themselves. "*Isn't he polite?*" they used to say of me, when I murmured "Thank you" to the waitress who brought my hot dog or milk shake, and no amount of protestation could convince my companions that I was not high up in the Mitford scale.

Likewise, an ordinary Harris tweed jacket of the type that any poverty-stricken university student in England wears, with patches

on the elbow and at the cuff, had the same aristocratic charm that it might take on here if worn by A. E. Matthews in some film about the nobility. To Americans, it was doubtless smoked over a peat fire and stained with claret, and had the true aroma of England. Of course it is a special England they are thinking of, an England unrelated to any I have ever seen, the England of *The New Yorker*, for example. In the pages of that magazine, the American advertising agents of the British Travel Association present the England that Americans dream of—praising the rakish charm of the British tram-car (meanwhile our City Councils scrap the inconvenient, old-fashioned things for buses) and showing photographs of quaint, smocked shepherds sitting in their local thatched pub (meanwhile our shepherds have forsaken the local for *Gun Law* on television), and of diners eating a typical meal of swan and roasted eagle at the local hostelry (well, one doesn't need to comment, does one?). "Commander Whitehead is not eccentric; he is merely English," begin the *New Yorker* advertisements for Schweppes' Tonic Water, showing the Commander, in hunting pink at the meet, holding the bridle of his mount in one hand and, naturally, a gin-and-tonic in the other.

In short, the English person's status in America is a curious one. He comes as a natural associate of tweeds and cashmeres, sports cars, Worcestershire sauce (still labelled, for the American market only, "*From the recipe of a nobleman in the county of Worcester*")—all good in demand among fashionable persons. And since, as it appears to Americans, most things English must be upper-class, the visitor becomes the apotheosis of a way of life he may never have lived. Now I, for instance, am closer by background and nature to Jimmy Porter than to the Duke of Windsor. I have never shot a grouse or stalked a deer in the course of a dull and unleavened life, but I might have been a member of the House of Lords for all the respect I had on my last visit. I make no bones about the unpleasant truth; but nobody listens—and so I gain all the pleasures of being in a classless society while having the benefits of class at the same time—more of them, indeed, than I deserve.

And this is bound to have an effect on a man. There were old friends of mine who, when I came back home, claimed they didn't recognize me. Of course, they were lying; a pair of Oxford bags and a striped blazer don't change a man beyond recognition. It's true that my accent had altered, become, mysteriously, more English than anything you'd ever heard in England; and the polo stick, grand though it may have looked at Saratoga, seemed a bit off-key back there in Nottingham. But it was fun while it lasted. Speculation ran amok among my American friends about whether I really wore a dinner jacket when I went to the drugstore for my nightly hamburger, whether I really ran up the Union Jack in my bedroom each morning, whether I really let off fireworks on the Queen's birthday. By and large, I suppose, I carried it off pretty well. I caught myself wincing, a time or two, when I said "*Pip-pip, old top*" for the 100th time that day, but the natives never wearied of it. Nice bunch of chaps, Americans, taken all in all.

Well, there it is. Heed the advertisements if you will; visit the United States in Visit the United States Year. Personally, as soon as the academic year finishes, you'll find me on the first plane. I've been learning to ride and my shooting's improving; so I may be able *really* to live up to it this time. Of course, I look a bit out of place in England these days—but, believe me, they'll love it in New York.



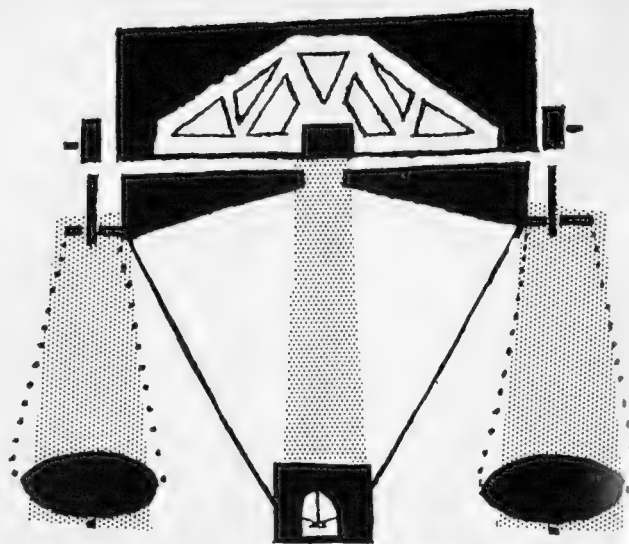
Above: -Darius (Gordon Myers) orders Daniel (Charles Bressler) to be thrown to the lions (below) who refuse to harm him

Daniel in the Abbey

The Play of Daniel, written 800 years ago by students at Beauvais Abbey, travelled a roundabout way back to Europe (via America) for the six-day presentation in Westminster Abbey this month by the New York Pro Musica under its musical director Mr. Noah Greenberg. An American researcher transcribed the music from a 13th-century copy preserved in the British Museum and the liturgical drama was then adapted for modern audiences with a verse narration written by W. H. Auden. Following a first production in New York, Mr. Greenberg's company staged a successful presentation in Wells Cathedral during the recent Bath Festival. Most of the musical instruments used in the production came from the Pro Musica's own collection, but the straight trumpet, dated 1406, Siena, was lent by the Lawrence Art Museum of Williams College, U.S.A.



VERDICTS



The play **Chicken Soup With Barley.** Royal Court (Kathleen Michael, Frank Finlay, David Saire).

The films **The Unforgiven.** Director John Huston. (Burt Lancaster, Audrey Hepburn, Audie Murphy, John Saxon, Charles Bickford, Lillian Gish, Joseph Wiseman.)

A Generation. Director Andrzej Wajda. (Tadeusz Lomnicki, Urszula Modrzynska, Tadeusz Janczar.)

The records **The Genius Of Ray Charles**

What'd I Say, by Ray Charles.

Sunday At Newport, by Mahalia Jackson.

The Best Of Irving Berlin, by Sarah Vaughan & Billy Eckstine.

The George Gershwin Song Book, by Ella Fitzgerald.

Creek Band, by Mose Allison.

Junior, by Junior Mance.

The books **A Picture History Of English Costume.** By Dr. & Mrs. Wille Cunnington (Vista Books, 35s.).

False Scent, by Ngaio Marsh (Collins, 12s. 6d.).

The Billboard Madonna, by Elleston Trevor (Heinemann, 16s.).

My Angel, by Ianthe Jarrold (Heinemann, 16s.).

Zen There Was Murder, by H. R. F. Keating (Gollancz, 15s.).

The galleries **Contemporary Italians.** McRoberts & Tunnard Gallery. **John Piper.** Jeffress Gallery.



A warm play's bleak message

THE WAY TO SUCCESS IN THE theatre today is conspicuously different from what it was before the war. In the old days the young writer had to woo the great public from a distance. He threw up his voice despairingly from the garden to the balcony, as it were, and had difficulty in attracting the lady's attention.

He now finds that there is a ladder which has been placed against the balcony by a group of theatres—the Royal Court, Theatre Workshop in Stratford E., the Belgrade at Coventry and some others. Once up this ladder he is at least on speaking terms with the lady he hopes to conquer. There is a snag, of course. It is that though the lady may listen she will not necessarily embrace.

The ladder is plainly marked for the use of writers of the anti-Establishment drama only, and Mr. Arnold Wesker is one who has climbed it. He has not yet won a real hug from the great public, but she got to know his name through his second play, *Roots*, and he is among the several rising hopes of the stern, unbending critics who have committed themselves so deeply to the anti-Establishment drama that they are apt to frown savagely on any other kind.

Newspaper interviews have given publicity to his dramatic aims, and the Royal Court is doing their protégé proud by staging his three plays as a trilogy, with *Chicken Soup With Barley* as the first part and *Roots* and *I'm Talking About Jerusalem* as the other two.

I went to see the opening of the trilogy with some trepidation. I

remembered *Chicken Soup With Barley* from two years ago as an honest, warm, humane little piece, rather overloaded with ideological matter but showing moderate promise. I was afraid that seeing it again as part of a solemn trilogy I might find the promise disconcert-

ingly swamped by the ideology, but I am happy to say that this did not happen. On a second viewing it still seems to me a sincere and good-hearted little piece which is concerned less with the impact of Communism upon a working-class Jewish family than with the people



HARD GOING FOR FATHER. Left: Watched by their daughter Sarah (Ruth Meyers), Ada Kahn (Kathleen Michael) storms at her husband Harry (Frank Finlay) for taking money from her purse. Right: Harry is upbraided by his son Ronnie (David Saire) for wanting to open a confidential letter which his doctor has written to the hospital. From *Chicken Soup With Barley*

themselves in their relations to each other and with life.

Mr. Wesker's weakness as a dramatist is not that he is under the sentimental illusion that the working class is more intrinsically interesting than any other class, but that in his anxiety to make the family whose life he is exhibiting real, he is inclined to overdo the detail and consequently to slip into an effect of triviality.

Mrs. Kahn may be true to her class in calling for a "nice cuppa" at every domestic crisis, but the ceaseless repetition of her predictable demand makes on the stage the same boring effort as the eternal "What about a spot, old man?" makes in the conventional smart lounge-hall drama.

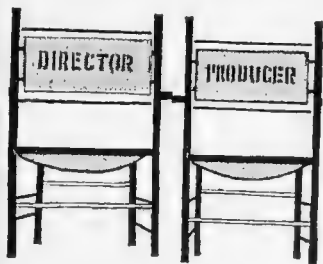
But the point of the play comes clearly and excitingly through the insufficiently simplified domestic detail and the sometimes too involved ideological chatter. It is simply that existence is a struggle and to give up fighting is to die. This theme is worked out over 20 years in the history of a working-class Jewish family. They are jubilant at the successful stopping of one of Mosley's Fascist cult East End marches in 1936. "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive." Mrs. Kahn is the life and soul of her family's Communist faith, though her shiftless, non-combative husband is even then a grievous thorn in her side.

But at the end of the war her daughter has lost her political faith; her husband has had the first of his strokes that symbolize the feebleness of his will to live; and only Mrs. Kahn's son remains hopeful that he may write the great Socialist novel.

At the end of another decade Hungary has happened, and the would-be great Socialist writer turns up to blame his mother for stuffing his mind with ideas that were bound to let him down. Only to be told by the battered but still game old woman, "Give up caring, and you die," and the wreck of her paralysed husband in the next room is used to reinforce her indomitable belief. But the chief impression made by the play is much less harsh than its ideological message, for Mr. Wesker, as I have said, sees his characters as human beings rather than as doctrine-ridden politicians.

Miss Kathleen Michael has not the natural Jewish flamboyance that the part of Mrs. Kahn requires, but she plays it with sincerity and has some touching moments. Mr. Frank Finlay is a good contrast as her drifting husband, and Mr. David Saire brings the right temperament to the son whose capacity for enthusiasm is equalled by his capacity for the sourest kind of disillusion.

CINEMA



by Elspeth Grant

What a way to treat Injuns

IF MR. JOHN HUSTON JUST AIMED, in making *The Unforgiven*, to show us that the Texas Panhandle shortly after the Civil War was a damn uncomfortable dust-hole, seething with racial prejudice, hatred, violence and dishonour, then I'd say he has scored a palpable hit—but if he intended to interest us in this depressing fact, he has, as far as I am concerned, signally failed.

The long film lumbers through the discreditable story of a widow, Miss Lillian Gish, her three sons, Messrs. Burt Lancaster, Audie Murphy and Doug McClure, and a foundling girl, Miss Audrey Hepburn, whom they have reared as one of the family and are prepared to swear, at whatever cost to the community, is as white as they are, though her skin may be a mite off-colour.

A fanatical old Civil War veteran, Mr. Joseph Wiseman, rides through the territory waving a vengeful sword and denouncing Miss Hepburn as a Kiowa Indian and the widow and her sons as "Injun lovers." The neighbours, all dedicated Injun haters, begin to look at them askance but, as they are all partners in Mr. Lancaster's lucrative horse-and-cattle-dealing business, hesitate to do anything about the matter—until members of the dreaded Kiowa tribe appear in the district.

Three Kiowa braves, one of whom claims Miss Hepburn is his long-lost sister, arrive at the widow's homestead and civilly offer to buy the girl. Mr. Lancaster furiously insults them and sends them packing. Next day, Miss Hepburn's fiancé, the far from winsome but anyway white Mr. Albert Salmi, is found dead with a Kiowa arrow in his back.

Convinced that wicked Mr. Wiseman is the cause of all the trouble Mr. Lancaster sends a half-breed (Mr. John Saxon, by far the most interesting figure in the picture) to

track down the old varmint and bring him back to face a lynching party. With a noose around his neck, the old man is set astride a horse beneath the hanging-tree to which the rope is tied.

Under oath, he tells his story—which seems to prove that Miss Hepburn is indeed a Kiowa. Miss Gish, who knows this to be true, whips the horse into flight with a burning brand—and Mr. Wiseman's corpse is left swinging hideously in the breeze.

After this, one is not surprised at anything—not even at Mr. Lancaster's dastardly behaviour in shooting down Kiowas who come to him under the sign of peace which they hold inviolable. Not unnaturally, the Indians now attack. In the bloody battle that follows Miss Gish is killed, scores of Redskins bite the dust (of which there is a great deal at their disposal), and Miss Hepburn endears herself to Mr. Lancaster, who now knows she is a Kiowa, by joining in the slaughter of her people and bumping-off her own brother.

Mr. Lancaster finds this so eminently laudable that he vows he'll marry her—and to blazes with the laws against miscegenation and all that. He never, in the course of the film, actually gets around to it—possibly because there may still survive in the U.S.A. people sufficiently prejudiced to be thoroughly outraged if he did.

The best that can be said of the film is that the Technicolour photography is fine—though all too often the immense screen holds nothing but the torso of a horseman silhouetted against acres of blue sky. It looks a bit as if Mr. Huston might have grown a little bored with directing and from time to time was willing to give the cinematographer a free hand while he went off to play a quiet game of poker.

The first of a trilogy from the sensitive and talented Polish director, Mr. Andrzej Wajda, *A Generation* suffers slightly through being shown after instead of before his other two films—*Kanal* and *Ashes & Diamonds*. Unless it is seen in its right perspective, it might seem to smack of Communist propaganda.

It tells how Polish youth, wretched and frustrated during the German occupation, in 1942 gravitated towards Communism, in which they saw their only hope of striking back at the enemy. The nationalist Polish resistance movement is here represented as a fairly unpleasant body—its members have no use for the young people and treat them so roughly that one can well understand why they put their faith in the Communists. It was a faith later to be betrayed—by the Russians.

In *Kanal* we saw how. The heroes of this grim film were the Polish nationalist Freedom Fighters

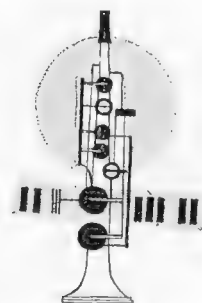
who swarmed through the sewers of Warsaw only to fall into a Nazi trap: The Russians, already within firing distance, could have saved them—but did not lift a finger. *Ashes & Diamonds* showed another step in Poland's fight for freedom—this time, the struggle against Russian Communist domination.

All Mr. Wajda's three films proclaim with passion Poland's will to be free—and *A Generation* proclaims it with great compassion, too. A film worth seeing.



AUDREY HEPBURN as an Indian girl, passing for a white, in *The Unforgiven*. With her, Burt Lancaster, who has just learnt that the girl he believed his sister is a Redskin

RECORDS



by Gerald Lascelles

Gangway for jazz singers

AFTER HEARING SEVERAL ALBUMS by Ray Charles, the blind singer and pianist who has made a considerable impact in America in recent years, I am convinced that he has a place in jazz. My suspicions have been based largely on the amount of out-and-out commercial music he records, backed by my fervent dislike of the mushy strings and choir accompaniments he so often chooses. The opening tracks of *The genius of Ray Charles* (LTZ-K15190) are splendid pieces of near-blues sing-

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

VERDICTS *continued*

ing, backed by a vociferous big band. The reverse of this record is poor, and his earlier album, *What'd I say* (HA-E2226) is a rhythm and blues outing of questionable taste, with its echo chamber effects, and hurdy-gurdy rhythms.

Underlying many of Charles's performances there is tremendous feeling, at times almost religious. This is less surprising when I tell you that his idol is Mahalia Jackson, whose greatest of all records has just been reissued in stereo form—*Sunday at Newport* (SBBL547). This was taken at her dramatic concert in 1958, and is one of my all-time favourite records.

The immortal songs of tune-smith Irving Berlin should make a perfect vehicle for Sarah Vaughan and Billy Eckstine's duets, but for some inexplicable reason they only partially capture the vitality of these evergreen themes such as *Check to check* and *Isn't this a lovely day*. Perhaps they were paying too much attention to the complicated parts they had to sing, with the results that both have curbed their singing personalities.

Ella Fitzgerald, on the other hand, has the world at her feet as she squares up to the microphone for the third and fourth volumes of her Gershwin marathon (CSD1299/1300). With one more to come, I can safely say that this is the biggest and best song collection she has recorded. She commands my respect for the consummate ease with which she varies her mood for every piece. My imagination is also tickled by the artistry of Bernard Buffet on the record sleeves of this set.

Ray Charles's piano takes second place to his singing, but Mose Allison reverses the procedure. In *Creek band* (32-094) he once again impressed me as a fluent and relaxed player, with a style founded on such deliciously primitive footings—they sprang from the Mississippi delta—that I am astonished when he breaks into relatively modern vein. He sings on only two of these tracks,

and his style is reminiscent of Hoagy Carmichael.

He has been criticised for this by people who think he should adopt a more Negroid approach; those self-same critics would then have the greatest pleasure in dismissing him as a mere copyist! His main contribution is as a subtly flexible pianist, with an immensely strong melodic line, and a swinging left hand. The main piece of this album, *Creek band*, depicts creek-side life in the summer. It is indicative of the fluid ideas which Allison has at his fingertips.

Junior Mance has been on the piano scene for rising ten years, but *Junior* (CLP 1342) is his first solo record. His work with Blakey and Gillespie put him on the map, but his tightly drawn improvisation errs on the "toppy" side, like Peterson's. Mance occasionally plays incisive runs and phrases which show promise, but his overall performance is not as outstanding as I would have hoped.

BOOKS



by *Siriol Hugh-Jones*

A plum for
dressers-up

I AM RAPIDLY BECOMING FOND OF A theory that picture-books frequently communicate more than



any amount of text; this is more than likely due to the fact that we live among far too many words, on pages and advertisements and all over the labels of sauce-bottles, and it does not necessarily follow that I am in favour of *Anna Karenina* told in strip-cartoon.

Dr. & Mrs. Willett Cunnington, the recognized king and queen of English fashion history, have just brought out a delicious **Picture History of English Costume** which tells visually as much as you could wish, with the minimum text and captions—both sensible and informative. The adorable illustrations are taken from portraits, drawings, manuscripts and paintings, and with a less conventional layout this book could have been peerless.

I was confirmed in my profound belief that the least resistible men—in pantaloons, hessian boots, cravats and high collars—all lived around 1816 and were romantically drawn by Ingres. (Gentlemen at

SOAP & SIRENS: *Getting the leading lady to take a bath (preferably sunken) was one of Hollywood's earliest ploys. Here the bather is Gloria Swanson, her maid, Julie Faye. The film was Male & Female (based on Sir James Barrie's The Admirable Crichton) made in 1916. The producer: the fabulous Cecil DeMille in whose posthumous autobiography (W. H. Allen, 35s.), book on the same heroic scale as DeMille's films, this picture appears. Donald Hayne, DeMille's literary adviser, edited and completed the book.*

this time all had legs, and only began, tragically, to lose them in the second half of the nineteenth century. Maybe there is still hope, but it's been a long, long time.) It's nice to notice that the bowler hat pretty well took hold in the reign of Richard III, and sad beyond belief to see, all too clearly, that no contemporary painters are in the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 673

FOUR FRAGRANT WORLDS

EAUX PARFUMÉES Magnificent
EAUX DE SENTEUR Unique
EAUX DE TOILETTE Distinguished
EAUX DE COLOGNES . . . Perfection



LANCÔME

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VERDICTS *continued*

least interested in clothes and our only record is photography.

In the midst of my painful recognition that I have lost a life-long taste for bloods, I can still raise a loud cheer for anything written by Miss Allingham and Miss Ngaio Marsh—maybe because these two enchantresses write about murder so prettily and wittily that though I have small interest in clues and deductions, the writing itself produces the most agreeable euphoria. There is a new and marvellous Marsh called *False Scent*, which is all about a rampageous star actress called Mary Bellamy, of the sacred-monster type, and her slap-up 50th birthday party, the Slaypest that was for the indoor plants and the scent called Unguarded that was for behind Miss Bellamy's little sparkling ears.

One of the more outrageous joys in this gorgeous and hypnotic book is the private pleasure of identifying important theatrical personages, politely disguised, as they flash by talking their heads off.

The *Billboard Madonna* is an extremely glossy and smartly dressed novel, with psychopathological undertones, about the American advertising business, a campaign to keep death off the roads, and a poor young copywriter in a bad mixed-up way about a dead girl called Grace. Everyone becomes overwrought and there is a little fetishism and elementary incest thrown in for good measure. Somehow I had the feeling that Mr. Trevor's book was not for me.

My *Angel* is a fantasy—trickiest and most delicate of all forms—about a sad, repressed and lonely girl and her curious love affair with a young man who is stealthily and unwillingly growing enormous wings. At times I thought hopefully the whole thing was going to turn into a wild and extravagant comedy, but melancholy would keep breaking in. On the back of the jacket the publishers are advertising the perfect and weird, tiny miracle *The Vet's Daughter*, which seems to me not quite fair.

For some time now I have been hoping to catch up with the thing about Zen, but it is clearly too late to start on a beginner's course, since Zen has been adopted into the thriller market in the shape of *Zen There Was Murder*, which is a title so pleasingly dotty and frivolous I was won over from the start. The action takes place at a residential crash course in Zen at Mulcheaten Manor, a nice contemporary variation on the country house party theme, and there is an enigmatic personage called Mr. Utamaro, who illustrates knotty points in Zen with a wealth of telling stories and never made the business one whit clearer to me.



Italy's modern old masters

SINCE THE WAR THERE HAS BEEN A "little renaissance" in Italy and, while we have felt and seen its effects in the film, clothing and motor industries, and to a lesser extent in architecture, our opportunities to understand what its painters are doing has been comparatively poor. Even Italy's sculptors, like Marini, Manzu, Greco and Giacometti enjoy much greater renown here than do her leading painters, Sironi, Campigli, Morandi and Guttuso.

It is a pity therefore (though I have to bear in mind that this is an exhibition for selling pictures to the few, not for educating the many) that the small collection of pictures and sculpture by living Italian artists now at the McRoberts and Tunnard Gallery in Curzon Street is far more remarkable for what it omits than what it contains.

Though it includes work by 12 artists (the oldest 77, the youngest 30), it consists of only some three dozen exhibits in all. And not only does it make each artist appear completely isolated from the others, it also shows just a small fragment of each artist's work divorced from his whole *oeuvre*.

The name of Severini, for instance, still spells Futurism in this country yet Futurism, with a capital "F," has been dead for 40 years (and, I suspect, Severini is assumed to have died with it). But here we are shown a single Severini, *Nude with mandoline*, that is a sort of "solidified" Matisse painted in 1938, bang in the middle of the years between the artist's Futurist period and the present.

Like Severini, that other "old master" Mario Sironi, is also represented here by a single oil, *Two horsemen*. But this is a fairly recent work (1953) and is in the solid "classical" manner that he adopted before the war in reaction against

shallow *avant-gardism*. It has an impressive, timeless simplicity.

Simplicity has been the goal also of 70-year-old Giorgio Morandi, the third "old master" included in the show. After a lifetime of still-life painting he has learnt to represent form and a surrounding atmosphere with what must be a near-irreducible range of tones and colours.

Little clue to the impassioned art of Renato Guttuso, who, as a Communist, has kept socialist-realism alive in his country long after it has waned elsewhere in Western Europe, is to be found in the gay *Flowers* and *Artichokes* or even in *The quarry*, with its solitary working man, pickaxe in hand, atop the multi-coloured rock face.

Mario Russo, with 10 pictures, emerges from this exhibition as the most impressive and satisfying of the younger painters.

The son of a Neapolitan peasant, Russo is an intuitive painter with a highly personal style that stems mysteriously, in the first place, from Breughel and Bosch, but shows later influences of Goya and of Picasso's "blue period."

There is a vague air of bitterness

about the clowns that are his frequent models. And this bitterness becomes virulent in his large *Crucifixion*, where the dense crowd is painted with the harsh realism of a Rivera or Siqueiros. Yet, turning to his drawings, we find an extraordinarily sensitive pen line used to delineate a beautiful woman or a pair of young lovers.

Only a few days are left in which to see John Piper's impressions of Venice, 11 in oils, 37 watercolours. It is an exhibition that should not be missed if only because it takes a new look at some of the most hackneyed subjects in the world. It is a new look that is too far removed from reality to make comparisons with Canaletto or Sickert valid. Yet it has a vague kinship with some of Guardi and a stronger one with Monet.

In the oils, Piper works on a *tachiste* background of dribbled white paint, spreading transparent colour for the main masses and drawing the architectural detail with a swift, perhaps too facile, calligraphic line. Topographically the results may be quite valueless but as decorations they enchant.



"CLOWN," *gonache* by Mario Russo. "The most impressive and satisfying of the younger Italian painters . . . a highly personal style," says Alan Roberts



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GOOD LOOKS

Salon shopping

BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

THE OBJECT of the exercise is a prettier face and there's dozens of places in London who will give your face a spring clean for summer. **Destination No. 1** facewards is Charles of the Ritz (3 Hill Street, W.1) whose efficient staff pave a smooth way to beauty with their many treatments, many products, geared to help individual problems. More important, treatment consultants will teach how to give a face a lasting beauty lift by the regular use of their products at home. They will set a teenage girl before a mirror and give her a working idea of how to make up and look after her looks.

Best seller here is the *Revenescence Mask* which cleans, clears and firms without harming even the most sensitive skin. £1 7s. 6d. will buy a 1½-hour treatment. Their *Vapozone* treatment incorporates a *Revenescence Mask* and is as stimulating as a breath of sea air (it contains a high concentration of oxygen). The permutation is based on cleansing, freshening, massage, mask, vaporizing and a final make-up. Outlay is £1 15s. but money can't buy the zippy, refreshed beauty outlook it gives. A non-alcoholic facial cocktail has a tonic effect after a day spent shopping and Charles of the

Ritz will set you up with make-up to last an evening for 1 gn.

The products used here are renowned for purity and light texture. Newest off the lipstick production line is *Ritz Tan*—the colour of deep chocolate ice—and a *Beauty after Forty* routine is bringing them new fame. *Astringent Cream* is used each morning (it temporarily contracts lazy pores, leaves the skin smooth as, well, silk). *Dual Lotion* removes surface oil and brightens skin past its prime.

Destination No. 1 hairwards is Vidal Sassoon, where you can buy an improved hair-hue for the 2 gns. it costs to purchase a treatment colour rinse. Off-colour hair will often respond to his massage and radiant heat treatment which improves condition and makes you feel absolutely marvellous to boot. Expenditure: £1 11s. 6d.

Auxiliary destination (for a head of hair which has become suddenly un-set) is Simon of Knightsbridge who have gone to France to find an answer to hair that doesn't need a shampoo, does need a set and conditioner. Their electric iron dispenses enough oil to make hair gleam, also sets hair into rollers. It takes 15 minutes, costs 12s. 6d. for a quick way to good grooming.

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MOTURING

by Gordon Wilkins

HOW LONG WILL IT REMAIN WORTH-while to own a high-powered car in Britain? It begins to look as though Marples motoring in the rocket age is to consist of endless lines of vehicles jogging along at 40-45 m.p.h., while the cops go snarling past in pursuit of anyone who is trying to get some work done. Already some people argue that we shall soon need a different sort of car—something small, cheap, easy to park and as near as possible able to drive itself, while we pass away the tedious hours listening to the radio or a record-player. Something too, as simple as a lawn-mower, so that it will stand up cheerfully to neglect and go on working without time-wasting visits to service stations.

I have just been driving a cheeky little saloon that might be just such a car of the future. It seats four adults, and the trunk swallows a surprising amount of luggage; yet it is less than 12 feet long and turns in 28½ feet—little more than a London taxi. It has only two pedals, with no gears to shift, and a chassis that needs no greasing. It has enough ground clearance to go clambering over rough country tracks, and at British traffic speeds it will do 50 m.p.g.

The car is the DAF, made in Holland, and it shows a new approach to car design as refreshing as a glimpse of bulb fields in springtime. Driving is a dream for anyone who is tired of fiddling with clutch and gears. There's a small stop-go lever alongside the hand-brake on the centre tunnel. To go forward, you push it forward; to go backwards, pull it back. Then start the engine, release the brakes and accelerate away. Incidentally, it will go just as fast backwards as forwards, if anyone is interested. Come to think of it, it might be useful to payroll bandits trying to make a quick getaway.

The automatic drive is utterly smooth and quite silent, giving an infinite choice of ratios according to the needs of the moment. Acceleration is not the kind that leaves black marks on the road, but it builds up speed in a quiet effortless way, and will cruise along at about 50, running up to well over 60 on down grades.

If you come to a hill, you just press the accelerator down and the transmission adjusts itself noiselessly to hold the engine to its most efficient speed. Downhill, it goes straight into top gear, but the driver who wants to get some engine braking on steep descents has only to pull out a knob on the instrument panel. The effect is then quite extraordinary. If you accelerate up to 35 m.p.h. and release the throttle, the transmission will hold the car steady at that speed. If you brake to bring the speed down to 15 m.p.h., the car settles down to descend at 15.

The back wheels are driven by two rubber belts on pulleys which change their diameter as the driving conditions vary. Modern belts, made of nylon and rubber, reinforced with steel wire, have nothing in common with the horrors which caused pioneer motorists to spend so much time lying on their backs making repairs 60 years ago. They go on working in water or mud. If they start to slip the tension can be adjusted with the wheelbrace and if one belt breaks you can drive home slowly on the other.

But apparently breakages are rare. DAF engineers tell me owners normally fit new belts when they fit new tyres and the cost is about £3, which they argue is cheaper than paying for the regular oil changes on a normal gearbox and differential.

The DAF's engine is a 600 c.c. flat twin tucked under a bonnet which sweeps so low that the driver

can see the road almost to the front bumper. It is air-cooled, so warms up fast and cannot boil or freeze. Springing, which is all-independent, gives a soft undulating ride; it is steady in high winds and does not roll too much on corners.

Interior finish is simple but neat, with plastic upholstery and rubber floor mats. Levers under the dished steering-wheel work the horn, indicators and headlamps, backrests on the front seats are adjustable and there are two open glove-boxes flanking the instrument panel. A heater is standard equipment.

When the DAF first came out the experts said: "Oh yes; belt drive and automatic transmission are all right for a flat country like Holland, but they'll never do in the mountains." But one of the DAF's first export markets is Switzerland, where I drove it. It climbs Alps at a sober but steady pace and on ice or snow it is a revelation, as the automatic drive prevents wheelspin and so quells skids before they develop.

For men, the DAF is full of new and interesting technical ideas. For a woman driver, it is the easiest of all small cars to drive. Quiet, docile and easy to park, it takes all the work out of traffic driving. It seemed to me to be a superior sort of 2 CV Citroën with the same soft ride and steady pace, but easier to drive, with brisker performance, less tendency to lean over on corners, and much nicer appearance. It is already being exported to several countries and I hope it will soon come to Britain.

Footnote: Special shoes for driving are now marketed by two firms, both using a specially reinforced and curved heel. One is Carshoes, 88 Leadenhall St., E.C.3, whose shoes cost £3 15s. a pair (men or women), and the other Simpsons of Piccadilly, whose lightweight suede shoes are made for men only, at £4 10s.



DINING IN

Rules you can break

by HELEN BURKE

TRADITION DIES HARD AND MANY of us, therefore, go on presenting for a dinner party main dishes which take last-minute attention, for all the world as if we had a chef in the kitchen. I have roast joints and birds particularly in mind. These days, however, when most young people start home-making without even an indifferent cook in the kitchen, let alone a chef, many have discarded our former

rather rigid dinner party rules.

This was brought home to me recently when a bachelor friend and his brother told me of the Navarin of Lamb they had served when entertaining friends. My remark (a little out of date, I know) that I would regard this delicious stew as a family dish, rather than a party one, was received with slightly raised eyebrows.

It set me thinking.

When friends come for a meal, why not serve dishes which can be taken from the cooker direct to the dining-room? This would cut out that interminable carving time which always seems to end up in cold food. Poultry and especially ducks are difficult for beginners to carve, so why not do the job in the kitchen beforehand? And this is where braising comes in.

Just now, duckling with green peas is a "must." For 4 to 5 people, choose a young bird weighing 5 to 6 lb. (Ducks and ducklings are extravagant, but there should be some delicious bits left over for a *pâté* later on.)

Have the duckling cleaned and trussed as for roasting. Spread it with butter and sprinkle it with pepper and salt. Blanch a cup of diced pork in boiling water for 3 minutes. Drain well and fry in a little butter until crisp. Place the bird in an uncovered casserole and

bake for 45 minutes to 1 hour at 425 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7. Pour off the fat. Add 1 to 1½ pints of shelled peas, the pork, 8 to 9 whole small onions, a *bouquet garni*, a little salt and freshly milled pepper and ½ pint brown stock made with a little shin beef and the neck and giblets of the bird, except the liver, or use plain water. Cover, reduce the heat to 375 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 5 and cook for a further 45 minutes.

Remove the herbs and drain off the stock. Thicken it with ½ teaspoon arrowroot blended in a tablespoon of water. Just bring to the boil.

Carve the duckling—the legs in two pieces each, the wings with a little breast on each and the breast itself in slanting slices. Place these on the vegetables in the casserole, pour the sauce over them, cover and keep hot until required. This is a French rather than an English way.

Our own classic roast duck is stuffed with sage and onions and extremely good it can be, provided we use fresh sage leaves. Pour boiling water over 4 of them, drain well and chop. Chop also ½ lb. boiled onions and add the sage to them together with 3 oz. bread-crumbs, a little stock, salt to taste and plenty of freshly milled pepper. For me, at least, this is the ideal sage and onion stuffing—an almost

thick, really moist sauce, not the usual rather dry and stodgy bread, sage and onion mixture.

Even this can be carved beforehand, with the stuffing garnish around the pieces. Serve with new plainly boiled green peas flavoured with a bruised spray of mint and glistened with butter, apple sauce and boiled potatoes browned in a little butter. Pass clear gravy separately or thicken it with a little arrowroot, if preferred.

For a *pâté*, chop little bits of the cold duckling, the neck meat and the raw liver. Place them into an electric blender with 3 oz. sausage meat or fairly fat boiled bacon, a chopped small onion and 1 to 2 raw eggs. Reduce them to a *purée* and season it with salt and freshly milled pepper. Add a dessertspoon of sherry and blend together.

Turn the mixture into a buttered small oven dish, stand it in a tin of hot water, cover with greaseproof paper and bake for an hour at 300 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 2. Remove, place a weighted saucer on plate on top and leave overnight. Pour a little melted bacon fat on top, cover and store in the refrigerator until required.

For those who like a garlic-flavoured *pâté*, squeeze half a small clove of it in a garlic press and add the juice to the mixture in the fridge place.

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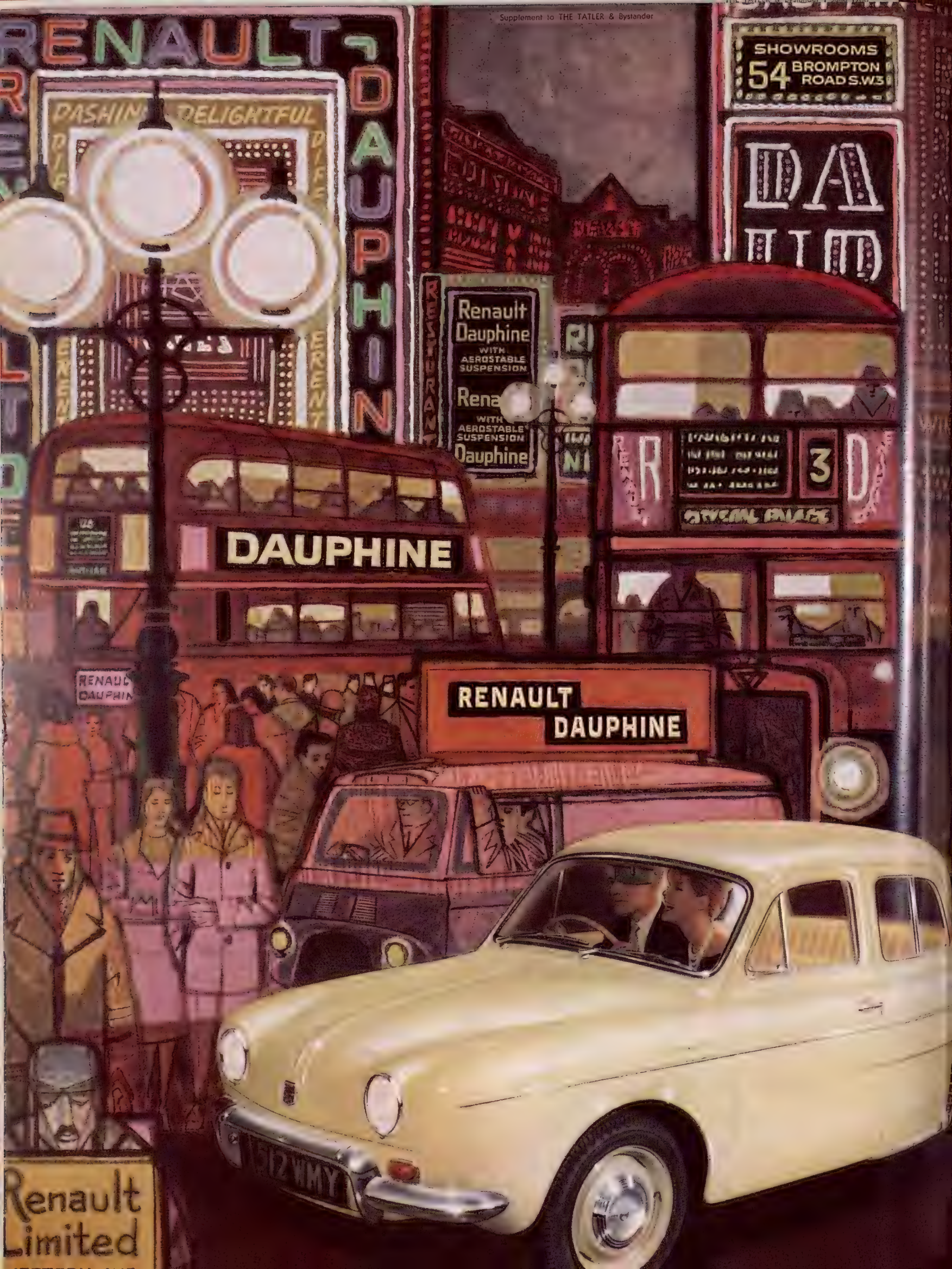


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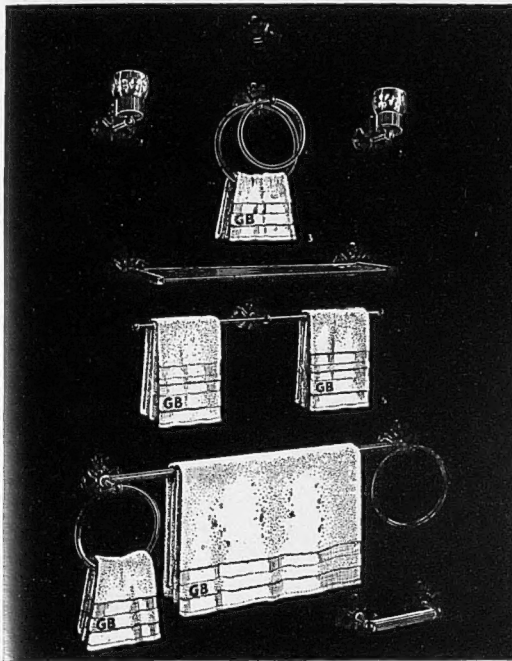
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